

PROM

The



ISSUE

Vol. I, No. 12

Baltimore, Md., May 1, 1928

Loyola College

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

DAVE DUDLEY

Are you behind the Prom? Don't get too far behind.

A certain professor in our beloved college intimated to his more illustrious students that the questions for the final examination were now in the hands of the printer. An unassuming youth arose and asked, "Who is the printer?"

The return of Mr. Joseph Garland, Freshman Math professor, brought joy to the Loyola yearlings and brightened the atmosphere around the college on the hill.

One of the erstwhile freshmen was phonographing about the wonderful insurance company he worked for. "In fact," continued this beginner, "we have an office on the fourth floor of the Woolworth Building, and a man on the fifty-eighth floor, who had one of our life policies, fell out the window, and as he passed our office we handed him his policy." "Yes sir," went on this bragging frosh, "that's only an incident of how quick we pay our policy holders."

Remember, it's your Prom. Act accordingly.

Monty needn't worry about the St. Joe incident last week. It was only a matter of thirty days.

The part that hurt most was that Big Ed Healy, Babe Ruth of Loyola, was all primed to knock the ball over on York Road. Well, Ed, tell Monty to be more exact about his dates.

Spellbinding decorations. Unique favors. A New York orchestra. Something never before accomplished. A night to be remembered. Be there. Miss it and live to regret it.

FRESHIES CHALLENGE SOPHS TO INTER-CLASS DEBATE

When the Sophomore challenge to a debate was hastened by messenger into the Freshman camp, twenty stalwart Freshmen stepped to the fore and clamored for a chance to exhibit their prowess.

Elimination trials were necessary! Scythe in hand, Father Geoghan proceeded with the task of reaping the fruits of the first few months' work.

Patrick Watson, Carr and Smith will soon carry the Freshman banner against their elder brothers of the Rostrum. This team, however, is subject to change before the coming Fordham debate.

RETURN OF DRAMATICS AT COLLEGE PROMISED

Historic Society to Be Revived at Beginning of Fall Term

Reports have recently been received from an authoritative source that the Loyola College Dramatic Society is to be reorganized. An organization with a history almost as old as the college itself.

It was founded in 1865 and produced one play yearly until the separation of the College from the High School in 1924, when it was believed the student body too small to carry out such an extensive program.

The absence of dramatics at the college has been keenly felt, particularly by those whose talent has received city-wide recognition, and many have been finding an outlet for their dramatic inclinations in the various parish societies. It is to be hoped that, with the reorganization of the Loyola College Dramatic Society, the year 1928-29 will see a production worthy of the organization which has successfully presented *Richelieu*, *Macbeth* and *Twelfth Night*.

Loyola High School, with a much larger student body than the College, organized a dramatic society of its own in 1925, which has been functioning creditably since that time. On April 24th and 25th it presented as its annual production, Robert Louis Stevenson's, "Treasure Island."

It might be well to note in passing that the GREYHOUND has constantly kept before the students and faculty the fact that dramatics have fallen into decline at the college. While the influence this may have had on their return is a matter for conjecture, it seems likely that it had something to do with it. This furnished an homely example of what is so aptly termed "the power of the press." The policy of the GREYHOUND is the furtherance of the welfare of the college. This can be accomplished only by voicing constructive criticism. The GREYHOUND is always open for suggestions.

SOPHS REMEMBER CLASSMATE

Last Friday the Sophomores attended mass in the Chapel and received Holy Communion in a body for the repose of the soul of their classmate, Tom Law, who died a month ago. In life the student body loved Tom and enjoyed his companionship. By prayers and communions, let us continue to remem-

Juniors Set To Make Prom Event of Years

Affair To Be Held In College Gymnasium; Famous "Atlantic Stompers" Orchestra

Nature of Favors Held a "Big Surprise;" Work of Decoration Takes Weeks; Weatherman Promises Ideal Weather; Full Moon

Down in Loyola history, May the fourth will go as a red-letter day. For on that evening the Junior Prom all Baltimore has been awaiting, becomes a reality.

The scene will be the Gymnasium at Evergreen. The time, 9.30 P. M.

SPRINGTIME IN HER GLORY WILL ADD HER SHARE TO PROM'S SUCCESS

Just a few more days to wait—and then—the biggest, finest Junior Prom ever held in Maryland.

Let your imagination rove. Springtime in all its glory has descended upon old Evergreen. Thousands of flowers line the garden walks and waft their tiny gifts of perfume across the campus.

The wise old moon smiles down upon a gymnasium transformed into a veritable paradise.

Myriads of stars with blinking eyes watch three hundred carefree couples swaying to the strains of music. Music such as Baltimore has seldom been privileged to hear. Gay young voices and the laughter of youth mingle with the reverberations of saxophones.

Each Loyola man looking his finest. Each "sweetest girl in the world" outdoing the butterflies and the rainbow in the brilliance of her garb.

'Tis the night of nights. The night when dreams come true—the night when youth holds sway. 'Tis May 4th—the night of the Loyola Junior Prom.

Boy! Get that GIRL and be there!

The work of decorating has been in progress for the past week. The Juniors promise a setting, the beauty of which has rarely been equalled and never surpassed. Music will be furnished by the Atlantic Stompers, who come to Baltimore direct from a season in a New York night club.

The orchestra is composed of the finest talent of Ray Miller's Black and White Melody Boys. They are known far and wide through their phonograph records and their broadcasting.

Last summer they played at the Klondyke Cabaret in Atlantic City. Shortly after supplying the Loyola Prom with their choicest tunes they will wend their steps back to where the wild waves call.

The committee on Favors reports that they have chosen the finest prom souvenir—well, words just won't explain it. The only complaint comes from Tom Grogan, the Junior Shylock, who claims the Favors Committee has been too generous in dispensing greenbacks.

All in all, it's going to be the best dance ever held in Maryland—positively.

Remember the date, May the fourth (full moon and a promise of fair, warm weather). The place—Loyola College Gymnasium at Evergreen. The time—9.30. Don't forget.

What A Freshman Sees and How--He Sees It

By J. A. Kelly

The most striking impression one gets of Loyola and certainly the initial one, is the five-minute walk from where the United ran out of rails.

In the morning this walk is usually covered in two minutes flat. In the afternoon it is traversed in a time most suitable to the slowest surveyor.

Closely associated with this is the positive non-conformity between the college clock and the street-car schedule—the results are known to all of the students and most of the faculty.

When speaking of a college, one is apt to speak of its study

courses, but we will not do that. Foremost among the courses offered at Loyola is the Pool (not to be confused with the elaborate swimming pool foundation).

This course, judging from the cues furnished by the duration of periods and the splendid attendance, is among the most popular the authorities have hit upon after (w)racking their brains to make courses at Loyola the most extensive in Evergreen, Md.

We read of the Yankees as a "one-man" team and realize the influence of Ruth. Illinois gained a similar sobriquet when Grange

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The Greyhound

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EDWARD W. TRIBBE,

In Parting

These are last words. We put it that way purposely; not that we actually mean our pen is forever silenced, but that, as an editor's, it goes into something like retirement. We put it that way to win for this little message the added attention that is paid to last words.

First, we take advantage of the occasion of retirement to express our gratitude that it was our good fortune to be chosen as the first Editor-in-Chief of the GREYHOUND. Realization of what that honor means has proved a source of encouragement and inspiration whenever little clouds crossed our otherwise bright skies. It took all the sting out of the little adversities that beset an editor's path.

A little intimate discussion about ideals loved or venerated enthusiastically, though honestly enough entitled to consideration here, does not enter into our plan of a final message. Every man's heart is his own, and his ideals are of his own building. For that reason, we but intend to play true to the ideals we tried to reflect in the pages of the GREYHOUND by recommending to your attention the little things of college life, so often tucked away in the observ-

ance of some quaint custom or tradition. Be faithful to the innovations of the last few years, which bid fair to become traditions and a rich heritage of future classes to the years to come. Their observance can not be forced upon you, for thereby would their charm be lost. The reward for your fidelity will manifest itself in the happiness you will feel in beholding as flourishing institutions, the things you fostered in their infancy.

Not the least among these innovations is this very publication. True, it is a little thing, but it is our own; with your interest always "ever green" it will grow bigger and better. Yours, in all its entirety, will be the gain, and it becomes you to do all in your power to support the publication. The more you take this attitude, the better realized will be our heartiest wishes for the success of those who come after us as editors-in-chief of the GREYHOUND.

EDWARD W. TRIBBE.

Let's go—criticisms galore. Join the choir of chronic critics. The difficulty and your solution shall be religiously reproduced in the columns of this paper.

Auld Lang Syne

With a spirit of good fellowship and earnest well-wishing in his familiar smile and a wave of the hand, Ed Tribbe performed his official farewell and hurried on to devote the remaining few months to undisturbed concentration on the acquirement of his degree.

Ordinarily this is the natural sequence in the cycle of editors and their consequent troubles, unworthy of any particular mention. But, since circumstances alter cases, it is not only right and justifiable but necessary that this change in editors be commented on at some length.

This year saw the birth of THE GREYHOUND. Through the period of partial adolescence it has been fortunate to have a leader of such sincerity of purpose, high ideals and unquestionable ability as the former editor. Conservatism was his keynote. In the long run it has proven a healthier tonic and paper builder than a regime of rabid frothings without helpful suggestions, which are thorn bearing scraggy growths in an otherwise well-ordered garden.

This much can be said in their favor. By constant criticism they prevent the conservative from becoming idealistic.

With the passing of this leader of a healthy young babe there comes in his stead one of lesser ability, who fully realizes the importance and responsibility of his position. Actuated by that knowledge he will do his utmost to uphold the standard set by his predecessor. He will endeavor to make THE GREYHOUND a scholastic publication of which the student body may well be proud.

This he will do, not through his own ability, but by grouping about himself the best Loyola College affords in this particular field of work, so that we may have the news, views and opinions of all; that it will truly be the voice of Evergreen.

Value Received

The intrinsic worth of the various events of life, luxuries as well as necessities, is a grave problem to no small number of us. It is only natural then, whether we be indulging in the realms of pleasure or shouldering the duties of our Alma Mater, that we should take as our ultimate principle, "Value Received."

We are invariably wont to estimate, because of existing circumstances, just what return, either in the form of entertainment or satisfaction, will be ours for the financial expenditure.

The Juniors, fully realizing the importance and soundness of this principle, have constantly kept this before them in preparing for the coming Prom.

The result is that an evening of pleasure, which is to be furnished on that occasion, can not be duplicated anywhere this side of the string quartet playing the welcoming march at the pearly gates.

Think of a favor such as was given last week at a Prom, the bid to which set one back a mere fifteen dollars; think of dancing to music, the like of which on other occasions would call for a ten dollar cover charge; think of a bare gymnasium transformed for a night into a garden spot of paradise. Then, what have you got? No, not Magnolia. "Value Received."

Private Life of Hecuba

Continued from previous edition

ACT I

Hecuba (aside):

"I thought he'd never finish his prologue!"

(Resuming her character.)

"Lead on, my retinue, to the wash tubs of the Greeks. A queen once, a laundress now. 'Sic transit gloria mundi,' which means 'So passes glory on Monday.'"

(Note. Troy fell on Monday, hence the correction.)

"But I am still royal, and if I must be a laundress, I'll be the best! Hand me the rest of those singlets and another bar of soap, Polyxena, dear. Woe to me! I am desolated by rheumatism today."

(Enter chorus of Captive Daughters of the Trojan Revolution.)

Chorus:

"Highly honorable Hecuba, hither have we hurriedly hastened, having helplessly heard horrid tidings. Rememberest thou, how Achilles jumped upon his own tomb—we suggested they cement him in—and shouted, 'Where are you heading, my lads?' Have you forgotten some slight emolument due me? If you have, I haven't, and if I don't get it, I'll take the wind out of your sails, both literally and figuratively!"

"So you remember that? Well, the day someone suggested sacrificing Polyxena to Achilles."

"'Tis true." Rex Agamemnon cried. "No sale. I'm married to Cassandra, Polyxena's sister, and if you kill Polyxena, Cassie'd talk me to death. She and her fool seances and en rapports are a nuisance now."

"But the rabble decided on killing Polyxena, so tell her to powder her nose and get ready for a boat ride with Charon. She won't have to swim back. Charon's taking lots of skates across!"

Hecuba:

"Ye gods! Oh! Oh! Oh! Assorted curses! Divers execrations! Sundry swear words! Would that I had the vocabulary of a Missouri mule driver or even of a drill sergeant! Polyxena must die! My Child! Alas! I cannot stand for it! A chair, please."

(Enter Polyxena.)

Polyxena:

"Why the histrionic exhibition, dearest mother?"

Hecuba:

"My dear, I am absolutely without utterance. I mean my vocal chords are knotted! My very lips refuse to enunciate a single monosyllable. I find it impossible to articulate! Alas! I must speak or I will die, but my larynx has turned contortionist and I can converse with but difficulty! Oh! Words fail me—the unabridged, please."

Polyxena:

"I read of it in the 5.30 edition News this morning. But don't you worry, mother, I'd rather die than marry that ape Odysseus, anyhow. He's insipid, and he wears a fancy vest!"

(Enter Odysseus.)

Chorus:

"Look, speak of his Satanic Majesty—here's Odysseus now!"

Odysseus (in a deep Connaught brogue):

"Wie geht's bei Ihnen, Frau Hecuba? Probably you already know

Continued on Page 3, Col. 1

BASEBALL



"HURRY UP" HELFRICH TAKES LOYOLA NINE IN HAND

Has Impressive Record as Coach and Player; Former Georgetown Third Sacker

After the College nine going through the training period and handily annexing the first two games without the services of a coach, the Athletic Association finally succeeded in procuring the services of one of the best baseball mentors in this neck of the woods.

They were slow in the selection but, why act hastily and live to regret the action?

The managerial staff evidently became bewildered or attempted to keep pace with the "Hurry-y-yup" of Mr. George ("Hurry Up") Helfrich's name when they announced a game with St. Joe's of Philly for April 19.

After waiting on the field several

hours it was learned that the game was to be played on May 19. That is, after the several hours' wait and much-hurried digging through contract files on the part of the managerial staff.

None the less, Coach Helfrich put his charges through a fast practice.

Helfrich played baseball for Loyola High and later on held down the "hot corner" for Georgetown U. Leaving Georgetown he played his favorite position and captained St. Martin's, semi-pro champs for several years.

As coach of Loyola High from '23 to '27, he set an enviable record by annexing one State Championship, two Catholic Championships, and tying for State Championship another year.

From this record it is quite evident that Loyola is indeed fortunate. With a veteran team Coach "Hurry-up" Helfrich will undoubtedly be a source of worry to any and all opponents.

GREYHOUND IN NEW QUARTERS IN THE SCIENCE BUILDING

Made Possible by Faculty Members

Through the kindness and interest of several members of the faculty, THE GREYHOUND office has been transferred from its universal location to a particular locality.

Room 112 is now the scene of production. It is easily accessible to everyone, a factor which is expected to increase contributions at least a hundred fold.

This is not a permanent location. Ere long this healthy young pup will outgrow its present quarters. Actuated by this knowledge we have been negotiating for a suite of rooms in the New Library Building, which will be ready for occupancy next September.

After such careful nursing in the first year of its infancy and its rapidity of growth (characteristic of Loyola, as evidenced by our baseball managers), it would be lamentable to stunt its growth by permanently confining it to a small kennel.

PRIVATE LIFE OF HECUBA

Continued from Page 2, Col. 4

I was sent to tell you of this matter, in re Polyxena. But if you need a good friend, bank on me. I'm a good scout. Yessir! I'm O. K. Ask our Rotary Club. I'm ready to help you—for a cash consideration." *Hecuba:*

(She began to sing, but losing the tune, lapses again into prose.)

"Remember the night, the night you said,

I'm here as a spy, so just wink your eye.

Just leave me alone and I'll get me back home?"

"Remember that, Odi? Well, I got you off then, so you get Polyxena off now."

Odysseus:

"I'll try, Hecuba, but I'm not in such high favor with the general staff since Talthybius caught me with my hand in the cash register, playing the acquisitive half of the

SOPHOMORE ORATORICAL PROGRESS REVEALED

Slowly and, in a way, silently, the Sophomore Debating Society has worked its way forward after a late start.

Under the able guidance of Mr. Ryan, S. J., this group of budding young orators assembled weekly to discuss topics of current interest and importance. Reports of its interesting debates have never occupied the headlines of the press. As yet, no Demosthenes has been found in their ranks. But how many great men come to be known only after their death?

To strengthen their claim to immortal fame, the Sophomores extended a challenge to the Freshmen. The meeting, which will be held in the near future, will be the first public appearance of the Sophomores. The team is composed of John Wills, Thomas Delea and Edward Doehler, with Bob Cartwright as alternate. The date and question for debate will be published later.

well-known game of 'Put and Take'."

Polyxena:

"Odysseus, thou despicable caiff, methings thou art tinged with yellow. I ask no question of thee. Beat it! Chase thyself!"

Odysseus:

"All right, get piqued. Helping you embroiders no new togas for me!"

Polyxena (warningly to Hecuba):

"Now, mother, please don't make a scene when they come for me."

Hecuba:

"Oh! but it's hard, my baby. I love you so. I've loved you from a child and—"

Polyxena (indignantly):

"I'm no old woman now, mother!"

Hecuba:

"No, no, I know. But please don't leave me, I'm too old now and lonely, you're all I have. Who will

bring up my breakfast? Ah, my woolly lamb, don't leave me!"

Polyxena:

"O golly, ma, whose execution is it, anyhow? Don't spoil it, I haven't had so much fun since the asbestos factory burned down."

(Exit Odysseus and Polyxena.)

Chorus (quietly and in keeping with the emotion):

"We love vanilla—just plain vanilla, Vanilla is the spice of life to us.

We don't care for gin—it burns holes in tin.

Vanilla, dear, we hear you calling us!"

(Lapse of one hour, twelve minutes and forty-two seconds by the manager's stop watch.)

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EXCHANGE EXCERPTS

HOLY CROSS BASEBALL
TEAM COMES SOUTH

Eighteen Players in Squad

Jack Barry's baseball squad en-trained for the sunny South on its annual spring training trip. Handicapped thus far by the whims of the New England weather, the team will have some real serious training to do before its clash with Randolph-Macon. It is expected that eighteen or nineteen players will accompany Coach Barry.

Four games are scheduled for the trip. Randolph-Macon furnishes the opposition in the season's opener at Ashland. The team will then invade Williamsburg to battle William and Mary. The University of Richmond, at Richmond, will then play host to Holy Cross. The Purple then will journey to Washington to face Georgetown University, and then leave for home.—*The Tomahawk*.

WHAT A FRESHMAN SEES

Continued from Page 1, Col. 4

was running wild. It remained for Loyola to produce the first real one-man track team, numerically and nominally speaking.

Then, too, how can we ignore the College Cafeteria. Not only is its cuisine (both offerings) successfully advertised, as witnessed by the "Sign of the Fork." Its gastronomical successes are a constant inspiration for the expenditure of new efforts on the part of Pre-Meds to begin their medical practice while under full blast, and especially the chemistry lab, is enlightening—if the electric lights are first turned on.

There, amidst the busy hum of industrious would-be chemists, etc., one hears the crash of broken test-tubes and the bursting of gas bottles, accompanied by varied accounts of the latest social and athletic triumphs.

Occasionally a forgetful student lets slip from his lips some vile chemical expression. He is immediately looked upon with sus-

picion by all within hearing, for this is a serious breach of laboratory etiquette and must be strictly guarded against.

One reads of the scholarly quiet which so permeates the atmosphere of libraries. This same quiet, probably due to respect for old age, is the embodiment of the College Library. Most of the students labor under the impression that the latest publication on the library shelves was printed in 1900 A. D. To demonstrate the triumph of constancy, an account of the sinking of the Titanic was recently undusted by one of the most diligent of the library frequenters on his last visit there some three weeks ago.

Equally impressive is the speed of the athletic teams. Not only are the wearers of the L possessed of lightning rapidity, but the managerial staffs are imbued with the same previousness of action. Unless something is done to retard them, most of next season's football games will have been played off by May 19th.

Loyola possesses a large and splendid college-attached gymnasium which will some day be discovered by the ambitious ever-roaming student body.

However, lest this impression appear in too futuristic a light, we must douse it and say nothing further of this subject.

Passing on to a scene which cannot fail to stamp itself upon any mind, even that of a student, the witnessing of the colossal area marked out for the New Library Building by rotten and lichen-encrusted stakes. On one side stands a massive pile of crumbling marble, and on the other, equally stationary, stands a surveyor.

Occasionally the monotony of college life is broken by the advent of a cigarette salesman, who gives away samples, or of a clothing salesman, who doesn't.

Finally we come to the least

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impressive feature of all, the college publication. With its imposing list of editors, directors, feature writers and managers, which, if they were arranged in alphabetical order, could well be used in place of a college directory.

A few names will be found to have been omitted. These are only the subscribers and couldn't very well be listed.

What do I think of Loyola College? The best college in the East, where the best colleges flourish. Faculty? All adjectives including and surpassing splendid. Student body? A real bunch of good fellows. College activities? Please, use some term more expressive of rapidity, Watson.

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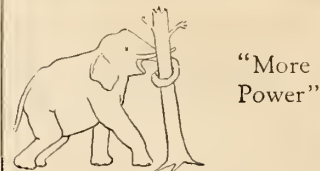
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